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Wednesday, January 10, 1945

Dear Sweet Darling;

It has occurred and this letter is being written to you from my tent, number twenty-nine, in the third platoon, 282d Replacement Company. I still have not gotten over the initial shock of the sudden change from the Clerk's School. That was paradise compared to this damned place. I did go to personnel today and the major took my name and told me he'd send for me. I hope he does but am not raising my hopes too high. It will be very nice if I could go to work there, just so I don't do this damned training. That I don't care for.

My mail today was limited to one letter, or note rather, from Mary. She didn't have much to say except to tell me that she graduates in February, that she received my answer to her first letter, and to ask how badly hurt Foster was. She had heard that he was wounded. Now I want another batch of your mail to catch up to me. I haven't heard from you for several days and I want more letters. I can never receive enough of them Sweet Heart. I miss you so terribly. If only I could hold you in my arms and kiss you and bury my face in your hair breathing in the very nice woman air you have. Everything about you is so very dear to me my wonderful Darling. I just live for the day when I'll be with you once more. Won't it be wonderful, dear?

This stationery is the gift of an anonymous donor who dropped it at the theater and walked off leaving it right there on the ground. I just appropriated it and brought my treasure back here. I discovered further that inside it there was a copy of the latest issue of "Spark" magazine. In it there was a very clever sad sack cartoon showing the sack going into the g.i. theater to see a Sex Hygiene film. During the film he is terrified by the sights he sees and squirms all over the place covering his eyes with widespread fingers. Finally, the show over, he emerges and meets a fellow g.i. who introduces him to his girl friend. The girl makes a motion to shake hands so the sack reaches in his pocket, pulls out a rubber glove which he dons, and then shakes hands. It struck me as being very ingenious.

Poor Hop is on L.P. tomorrow morning. They waste no time at all. He's really discouraged, especially in view of the fact that he has to arise at 4:00 A.M. That is not at all to his liking, just as it would not be to mine.

There was a boxing show on tonight with some good bouts in it. After the show there was a movie "Duke Eyes Are Smiling" featuring Duke Haymes, June Haver, and Monty Woolley.

It was a musical comedy and was quite clever especially with Monty Woolley in it. He's always good. Slapsie Maxie Rosenblum was also in the picture.

The tent Din in is quite a sad looking affair. Some of the corner poles are missing, it sags where it should sit and is torn where it shouldn't be. The facilities for washing are not too good either. I'll exist though, until something better comes along, which I hope is soon.

Our food isn't too bad. The cooks here seem to go to some pains to prepare the meals. The PX helps out by selling canned fruit juice, at least it did today, and the company furnished us with beer coupons good for six cans. I sold three to Hop and he will return the compliment when he gets his beer coupon.

I got quite a bit of letter writing done today. I wrote to Mom and Dad, to Arthur, and to Mac. I'd still like to know where on New Guinea he is just as I'd like to find out where Bob Kennedy is. I still haven't heard from him.

Oh Darling, Darling! If only I could have you here. That's all Din able to think all day long. I miss you, want you, need you, and love you. You are so very beautiful and so dear to me that I feel quite powerless when I try to express it in words. It's something that must be expressed with my whole being and without you with one that is impossible. I think you have an idea of what I mean though Sweet. Good-night now Darling. Here's a kiss from me to help show what I mean.



4. Thursday Morning

Good morning Sweet;

The sun has once more arisen to find me within the confines of the 5th Depot. Very discouraging it is too, of that you may be reassured.

During the night, the front poles of our tent, together with the crosspiece atop them, toppled over on the men near the front of the tent. The funny part of it is that none of them woke up even though the falling supports had dragged their mosquito bars down on them when they fell. It was funny to see them trying to get up when they were half asleep. The crossbar had them pinned down quite effectively and they couldn't quite figure out what it was.

There was another surprise in store for me when I reached the mess hall. It seems that here, instead of making our coffee, they give us sugar, milk, and a cupful of hot water. Then to each one of us they give a small package of Nescafe which we add to the water to make our own coffee. Quite a novel experience although it doesn't make bad coffee at all.

I'm not out on training today so that probably means they have a detail lined up for me. No better than training at least. I hope I get my orders soon so I won't have to worry about any of this stuff.

Goodbye again Sweetheart. I'll write again a little later today so don't go very far away. I'll be back to tell you once more how much I love you  
Freddie